



J. Boucher del. G. Kneller sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London MAR 1777.



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BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DRYDEN VOLUME I.
Hark his hands the Lyre explore!
Bright ey'd Fancy hovering o'er.



THE *Gal 11 Da*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise:.....
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

POPE.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more:.....

GRAY.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,

Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

How now Thracian, vary'd lays repeat,
 And old allures passions fall and rise
 The power of music all my senses move
 And what Thracian strains now
 Hark, his hands the lyre repeat
 Heights of a race, how
 Scissors from her picture
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn
 But not the hand that

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GRAY



VOL. I

EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARRING.

1777

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ASTREA REDUX,	RELIGIO LAICI,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,	THRENOD. AUGUSTALIS,
BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,	STANZAS TO CROMWELL,

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ASTORIA REDUX,	BRITISH	BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,		
THRENOD. AUGUSTISSIMO,	MUSEUM	



EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MASTERS.

1707.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

THIS illustrious Poet was son of Erasmus Dryden of Richmorth in Northamptonshire, third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden of Canons-Ashby, in the same county, Baronet; and born at Aldwinckle, near Oundle, 1631: he had his education in grammar-learning at Westminster-school, under the famous Dr. Busby, and was from thence elected, in 1650, a scholar of Trinity-College in Cambridge.

We have no account of any extraordinary indications of genius given by this great Poet while in his earlier days; and he is one instance how little regard is to be paid to the figure a boy makes at school. Mr. Dryden was turned of thirty before he introduced any play upon the stage, and his first, called *The Wild Gallants*, met with a very indifferent reception; so that if he had not been impelled by the force of genius and propension, he had never again attempted the stage; a circumstance which the lovers of dramatic poetry must ever have regretted, as they would in his case have been deprived of one of the greatest ornaments that ever adorned the profession.

The year before he left the University he wrote a

* Athen. Oxon.

poem on the Death of Lord Hastings, a performance, say some of his critics, very unworthy of himself, and of the astonishing genius he afterwards discovered.

That Mr. Dryden had at this time no fixed principles, either in religion or politics, is abundantly evident from his *Heroic Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell*, written after his funeral 1658; and immediately upon the Restoration he published *Astræa Redux*, a poem on the happy restoration of Charles II.; and the same year his *Panegyric to the King on his Coronation*.

In 1662 he addressed a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, presented on New-year's-day, and the same year published a *Satire on the Dutch*. His next piece was his *Annus Mirabilis*; or, *The Year of Wonders*, 1668, an historical poem, which celebrated the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. In the same year Mr. Dryden succeeded Sir William Davenant as Poet Laureate, and was also made Historiographer to his Majesty; and that year published his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, addressed to Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex. Mr. Dryden tells his patron, that the writing this *Essay* served as an amusement to him in the country, when he was driven from Town by the violence of the plague which then raged in London; and he diverted himself with thinking on the theatres, as lovers do by ruminating on their absent mistresses. He there justifies the method of writing plays in verse, but confesses that he has quitted

the practice, because he found it troublesome and slow*. In the preface we are informed that the drift of this discourse was to vindicate the honour of the English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French to them. Langbaine has injuriously treated Mr. Dryden on account of his dramatic performances, and charges him as a licentious plagiarist. The truth is, our Author, as a dramatist, is less eminent than in any other sphere of poetry; but, with all his faults, he is even in that respect the most eminent of his time.

The critics have remarked, that as to Tragedy he seldom touches the passions, but deals rather in pompous language, poetical flights and descriptions; and too frequently makes his characters speak better than they have occasion, or ought to do, when their sphere in the drama is considered. And it is peculiar to Dryden (says Mr. Addison) to make his personages as wise, witty, elegant, and polite, as himself. That he could not so intimately affect the tender passions is certain, for we find no play of his in which we are much disposed to weep; and we are so often enchanted with beautiful descriptions, and noble flights of fancy, that we forget the business of the play, and are only attentive to the Poet, while the characters sleep. Mr. Gildon observes, in his *Laws of Poetry*, that when it was recommended to Mr. Dryden to turn his

* He might have added, it was unnatural.

thoughts to a translation of Euripides, rather than of Homer, he confessed that he had no relish for that poet, who was a great master of tragic simplicity. Mr. Gildon further observes, as a confirmation that Dryden's taste for tragedy was not of the genuine sort, that he constantly expressed great contempt for Otway, who is universally allowed to have succeeded very happily in affecting the tender passions: yet Mr. Dryden, in his preface to the translation of M. Du Fresnoy, speaks more favourably of Otway; and after mentioning these instances, Gildon ascribes this taste in Dryden to his having read many French Romances. — The truth is, if a poet would affect the heart, he must not exceed Nature too much, nor colour too high; distressful circumstances, short speeches, and pathetic observations, never fail to move infinitely beyond the highest rant, or long declamations in tragedy. The simplicity of the drama was Otway's peculiar excellence; a living poet observes, that from Otway to our own times,

“From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,

“And Declamation roar'd while Passion slept.”

Mr. Dryden seems to be sensible that he was not born to write comedy; “For,” says he, “I want that gaiety of humour which is required in it; my conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, and make

repartees; so that those who decry my Comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit: reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend *."

This ingenuous confession of inability, one would imagine, were sufficient to silence the clamour of the critics against Mr. Dryden in that particular; but, however true it may be that Dryden did not succeed to any degree in comedy, I shall endeavour to support my assertion, that in tragedy, with all his faults, he is still the most excellent of his time. The end of tragedy is to instruct the mind as well as move the passions; and where there are no shining sentiments, the mind may be affected, but not improved; and however prevalent the passion of grief may be over the heart of man, it is certain that he may feel distress in the acutest manner, and not be much the wiser for it. The tragedies of Otway, Lee, and Southern, are irresistibly moving, but they convey not such grand sentiments, and their language is far from being so poetical, as Dryden's: now, if one dramatic poet writes to move, and another to enchant and instruct, as instruction is of greater consequence than being agitated, it follows naturally that the latter is the most excellent writer, and possesses the greatest genius.

But, perhaps, our Poet would have wrote better in both kinds of the drama, had not the necessity of his

* Defence; or, The Essay on Dramatic Poetry.

circumstances obliged him to comply with the popular taste. He himself, in his dedication to the Spanish Fryar, insinuates as much. "I remember," says he, "some verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance. All that I can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad when I wrote them. But I repent of them amongst my sins, and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a veil over all these Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation upon the applause of fools. It is not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper." He says in another place, "that his Spanish Fryar was given to the people, and that he never wrote any thing in the dramatic way to please himself, but his *All for Love*." his sworn

In 1671 Mr. Dryden was publicly ridiculed on the stage in the Duke of Buckingham's comedy, called *The Rehearsal*, under the character of Boya. This character, we are informed in the *Key to the Rehearsal*, was originally intended for Sir Robert Howard, under the name of Bilboa; but the representation be-

ing put a stop to, by the breaking out of the plague in 1665, it was laid by for several years, and not exhibited on the stage till 1671, in which interval, Mr. Dryden being advanced to the Laurels, the noble author changed the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bays, and made great alterations in his play, in order to ridicule several dramatic performances that appeared since the first writing it. Those of Mr. Dryden which fell under his Grace's lash were *The Wild Gallant*, *Tyrannic Love*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *Marriage à-la-Mode*, and *Love in a Nunnery*: whatever was extravagant, or too warmly expressed, or any way unnatural, the author has ridiculed by parody.

Mr. Dryden affected to despise the satire levelled at him in the *Rehearsal*, as appears from his dedication of the translation of *Juvenal* and *Perseus*, where, speaking of the many lampoons and libels that had been written against him, he says, "I answered not to the *Rehearsal*, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays of his own farce; because also I knew my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about Town."

In 1679 came out an *Essay on Satire*, said to be

written jointly by Mr. Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave. This piece, which was handed about in manuscript, contained reflections on the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Earl of Rochester; who suspecting, as Wood says, Mr. Dryden to be the author, hired three ruffians to cudgel him in Wills's coffee-house at eight o'clock at night. This short anecdote, I think, cannot be told without indignation. It proved Rochester was a malicious coward, and, like other cowards, cruel and insolent; his soul was incapable of any thing that approached towards generosity; and when his resentment was heated, he pursued revenge, and retained the most lasting hatred; he had always entertained a prejudice against Dryden, from no other motive than envy: Dryden's plays met with success, and this was enough to fire the resentment of Rochester, who was naturally envious. In order to hurt the character, and shake the interest of this noble Poet, he recommended Crown, an obscure man, to write a Masque for the Court, which was Dryden's province, as Poet-Laureate, to perform. Crown in this succeeded, but soon after, when his play, called *The Conquest of Jerusalem*, met with such extravagant applause, Rochester, jealous of his new favourite, not only abandoned him, but commenced from that moment his enemy.

The other person against whom this satire was levelled was not superior in virtue to the former, and

all the nation over, two better subjects for satire could not have been found than Lord Rochester and the Duchess of Portsmouth. As for Rochester, he had not genius enough to enter the lists with Dryden, so he fell upon another method of revenge, and meanly hired bravoes to assault him.

In 1680 came out a translation of Ovid's *Epistles* in English verse, by several hands, two of which were translated by Mr. Dryden, who also wrote the preface. In the year following our Author published *Abfalom and Achithophel*. It was first printed without his name, and is a severe satire against the contrivers and abettors of the opposition against King Charles II. In the same year that *Abfalom and Achithophel* was published, the *Medal, a Satire*, was likewise given to the public. This piece is aimed against sedition, and was occasioned by the striking of a medal, on account of the indictment against the Earl of Shaftsbury for high treason being found *ignoramus* by the grand jury at the Old Bailey, November 1681; for which the Whig party made great rejoicings, by ringing of bells, bonfires, &c. in all parts of London. The poem is introduced with a very satirical epistle to the Whigs, in which the author says, "I have one favour to desire
 " you at parting, that when you think of answer-
 " ing this poem, you would employ the same pens
 " against it who have combated with so much suc-
 " cess against *Abfalom and Achithophel*, for then you

" may assure yourselves of a clear victory without the
 " least reply. Rail at me abundantly, and not break
 " a custom to do it with wit. By this method you will
 " gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave
 " the answer of my arguments. If God has not blef-
 " sed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of
 " my poor stock, and welcome; let your verses run
 " upon my feet, and for the utmost refuge of notori-
 " ous blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of
 " sense, turn my own lines against me, and, in utter
 " despair of my own satire, make me satirize myself."

The whole poem is a severe invective against the Earl
 of Shaftsbury, who was uncle to that Earl who wrote
 the *Characteristicks*. Mr. Elkanah Settle wrote an an-
 swer to this poem, entitled *The Medal Reversed*.
 However contemptible Settle was as a poet, yet such
 was the prevalence of parties at that time, that, for
 some years, he was Dryden's rival on the stage. In 1682
 came out his *Religio Laici*; or, *A Layman's Faith*.
 This piece is intended as a defence of revealed reli-
 gion, and the excellency and authority of the Scrip-
 tures, as the only rule of faith and manners, against
 Deists, Papists, and Presbyterians. He acquaints us
 in the preface, that it was written for an ingenious
 young gentleman, his friend, upon his translation of
 Father Simon's *Critical History of the Old Testament*,
 and that the style of it was epistolary.

In 1684 he published a translation of M. Maim-

bourg's History of the League, in which he was employed by the command of King Charles II. on account of the plain parallel between the troubles of France and those of Great Britain. Upon the death of Charles II. he wrote his *Threnodia Augustalis*, a poem, sacred to the happy memory of that prince. Soon after the accession of James II. our Author turned Roman Catholic, and by this extraordinary step drew upon himself abundance of ridicule from wits of the opposite faction; and in 1689 he wrote a Defence of the Papers written by the late King of blessed memory, found in his strong box. Mr. Dryden, in the above mentioned piece, takes occasion to vindicate the authority of the Catholic Church, in decreeing matters of faith upon this principle, that the church is more visible than the Scriptures, because the Scriptures are seen by the church; and to abuse the Reformation in England, which he affirms was erected on the foundation of lust, sacrilege, and usurpation. Dr. Stillingfleet hereupon answered Mr. Dryden, and treated him with some severity. Another author affirms, that Mr. Dryden's tract is very light, in some places ridiculous; and observes, that his talent lay towards controversy no more in prose, than, by the *Hind and Panther*, it appeared to do in verse. This poem of the *Hind and Panther* is a direct defence of the Romish Church, in a dialogue between a Hind; which represents the Church of Rome, and a Pan-

ther, which supports the character of the Church of England. The first part of this poem consists most in general characters and narration, "which," says he, "I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poetry. The second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could, yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasion for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former. There are in it two episodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main design, so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other."

This poem was attacked by Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Mr. Matthew Prior, who joined in writing the *Hind and Panther*, transferred to the *Country Mouse and City Mouse*, Lond. 1678, 4to. In the preface to which the authors observe, "that Mr. Dryden's poem naturally falls into ridicule; and that in this burlesque nothing is represented monstrous and unnatural that is not equally so in the original." They afterwards re-

mark, that they have this comfort under the severity of Mr. Dryden's satire, to see his abilities equally lessened with his opinion of them, and that he could not be a fit champion against the Panther till he had laid aside his judgment.

Mr. Dryden is supposed to have been engaged in translating M. Varillas's History of Heresies, but to have dropped that design. This we learn from a passage in Burnet's Reflexions on the ninth book of the first volume of M. Varillas's History, being a reply to his answer.

When the Revolution was completed, Mr. Dryden, having turned Papist, became disqualified for holding his place, and was accordingly dispossessed of it; and it was conferred on a man to whom he had a confirmed aversion; in consequence whereof he wrote a satire against him, called Mac Fleckno, which is one of the severest and best-written satires in our language.

In the year wherein he was deprived of the Laurel he published the life of St. Francis Xavier, translated from the French of Father Dominic Bouhours. In 1693. came out a translation of Juvenal and Persius; in which the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires of Juvenal, and Persius entire, were done by Mr. Dryden, who prefixed a long and ingenious discourse, by way of dedication, to the Earl of Dorset. In this address our Author takes occasion a while to drop his reflections on Juvenal, and to lay before his

Lordship a plan for an epic poem. He observes, that his genius never much inclined him to the stage, and that he wrote for it rather from necessity than inclination. He complains that his circumstances are such as not to suffer him to pursue the bent of his own genius, and then lays down a plan upon which an epic poem might be written; to which, says he, I am more inclined. Whether the plan proposed is faulty or no, we are not at present to consider; one thing is certain, a man of Mr. Dryden's genius would have covered, by the rapidity of the action, the art of the design, and the beauty of the poetry, whatever might have been defective in the plan, and produced a work which might have been the boast of the nation: and we cannot help regretting on this occasion, that Dryden's fortune was not easy enough to enable him, with convenience and leisure, to pursue a work that might have proved an honour to himself, and reflected a portion thereof on all who should have appeared his encouragers on this occasion.

In 1695 Mr. Dryden published a translation in prose of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, with a preface containing a parallel between painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope has addressed a copy of verses to Mr. Jervas in praise of this translation. In 1697 his translation of Virgil's works came out. This translation has passed through many editions, and, of all the attempts which have been made to render Virgil into English,

the critics, I think, have allowed that Dryden best succeeded: notwithstanding, as he himself says, when he began it, he was past the grand climacteric! so little influence it seems age had over him, that he retained his judgment and fire in full force to the last. Mr. Pope, in his preface to Homer, says, if Dryden had lived to finish what he began of Homer, he (Mr. Pope) would not have attempted it after him, "no more (says he) than I would his Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language."

Besides the original pieces and translations hitherto mentioned, Mr. Dryden wrote many others. They consist of translations from the Greek and Latin poets, Epistles to several persons, Prologues and Epilogues to several plays, Elegies, Epitaphs, and Songs. His last work was his Fables, ancient and modern, translated into verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer. To this work is prefixed, by way of preface, a critical account of the authors from whom the fables are translated.

As to our Author's performances in prose, besides his Dedications and Prefaces, and Controversial writings, they consist of the Lives of Plutarch and Lucian, prefixed to the translation of those authors by several hands; the Life of Polybius, before the translation of that historian by Sir Henry Sheers, and the

Preface to the Dialogue concerning Women, by William Walfsh, Esq.

Mr. Dryden died the 1st of May, 1701, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey. On the 19th of April he had been very bad with the gout and risipelas in one leg; but he was then somewhat recovered, and designed to go abroad; on the Friday following he ate a partridge for his supper, and going to take a turn in the little garden behind his house in Gerard-street, he was seized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot. Unable to stand, he cried out for help, and was carried in by his servants, when, upon sending for surgeons, they found a small black spot in the place affected. He submitted to their present applications, and, when gone, called his son Charles to him, using these words; "I know this black spot is a mortification; I know also that it will seize my head, and that they will attempt to cut off my leg; but I command you, my son, by your filial duty, that you do not suffer me to be dismembered." As he foretold the event proved, and his son was too dutiful to disobey his father's commands.

He married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, who survived him about eight years, and by whom he had three sons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles became usher of the palace to Pope Clement XI.; and, returning to England, was

drowned in the Thames near Windsor in 1704. He was the author of several things, and translated the sixth satire of Juvenal. John translated the fourteenth satire of Juvenal, was the author of a comedy, called *The Husband his own Cuckold*, printed in 1696, and died of a fever at Rome. Henry entered into religious orders.

The day after Mr. Dryden's death the Dean of Westminster sent word to Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, and all other Abbey-fees for the funeral. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and to Mr. Charles Dryden, offering to defray the expenses of our Poet's funeral, and afterwards to bestow 500*l.* on a monument in the Abbey, which generous offer was accepted. Accordingly, on Sunday following, the company being assembled, the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, attended by eighteen mourning coaches. When they were just ready to move, Lord Jeffreys, son of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, a name dedicated to infamy, with some of his rakish companions, riding by, asked whose funeral it was; and being told it was Mr. Dryden's, he protested he should not be buried in that private manner; that he would himself, with the Lady Elizabeth's leave, have the honour of the interment, and would bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him. This put a stop to their procession; and the Lord Jeffreys, with se-

veral of the gentlemen, who had alighted from their coaches, went up stairs to the lady, who was sick in bed. His Lordship repeated the purport of what he had said below; but the Lady Elizabeth refusing her consent, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The lady, under a sudden surprize, fainted away, and Lord Jeffreys, pretending to have obtained her consent, ordered the body to be carried to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheap-side, and to be left there till further orders. In the mean time the Abbey was lighted up, the ground opened, the choir attending, and the Bishop waiting some hours to no purpose for the corpse. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on my Lord Halifax and the Bishop, and endeavoured to excuse his mother by relating the truth. Three days after the undertaker, having received no orders, waited on the Lord Jeffreys; who pretended it was a drunken frolic, that he remembered nothing of the matter, and he might do what he pleased with the body. Upon this the undertaker waited on the Lady Elizabeth, who desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden immediately wrote to the Lord Jeffreys, who returned for answer, that he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it. Mr. Dryden hereupon applied again to the Lord Halifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any thing in the affair.

In this distress Dr. Garth, who had been Mr. Dryden's intimate friend, sent for the corpse to the College of Physicians, and proposed a subscription; which succeeding, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration over the body, which was conveyed from the College, attended by a numerous train of coaches, to Westminster-Abbey, but in very great disorder. At last the corpse arrived at the Abbey, which was all unlighted. No organ played, no anthem sung; only two of the singing boys preceded the corpse, who sung an ode of Horace, with each a small candle in their hand. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to Lord Jeffreys, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himself; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to him; which so incensed him, that finding his Lordship refused to answer him like a gentleman, he resolved to watch an opportunity, and brave him to fight, though with all the rules of honour; which his Lordship hearing, quitted the Town, and Mr. Charles never had an opportunity to meet him, though he sought it to his death with the utmost application.

The character of Mr. Dryden has been drawn by various hands; some have done it in a favourable, others in an opposite manner. The Bishop of Sarum, in the History of his own Times, says, that the stage was defiled beyond all example; "Dryden, the great master of dramatic poetry, being a monster of im-

"modesty and impurities of all sorts." The late Lord Lansdowne took upon himself to vindicate Mr. Dryden's character from this severe imputation, which was again answered, and apologies for it, by Mr. Burnet, the Bishop's son. But not to dwell on these controversies about his character, let us hear what Mr. Congreve says, in the dedication of Dryden's works to the Duke of Newcastle. Congreve knew him intimately, and as he could have no motive to deceive the world in that particular, and being a man of untainted morals, none can suspect his authority. By his account it appears that Dryden was indeed as amiable in private life as a Man, as he was illustrious in the eye of the public as a Poet.

"Mr. Dryden, (says Congreve) had personal qualities to challenge love and esteem from all who were truly acquainted with him. He was of a nature exceeding humane and compassionate, easily forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him.—His friendship, where he professed it, went much beyond his professions.—As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of every thing he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than he was com-

* In Millar's edition of the Bishop's work we have the following note upon this passage. "This (says the editor) must be understood of his performances for the stage; for as to his personal character, there was nothing remarkably vicious in it: but his plays are, some of them, the fullest of obscenity of any now extant."

" communicative of it; but then his communication of
 " it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the
 " conversation, but just such, and went so far as, by
 " the natural turns of the discourse in which he was
 " engaged, it was necessarily prompted or required.
 " He was extremely ready and gentle in the correc-
 " tion of the errors of any writer who thought fit to
 " consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit
 " of the reprehension of others in respect of his own
 " oversight or mistakes. He was of a very easy, I may
 " say, of very pleasing access; but something slow,
 " and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others.
 " He had something in his nature that abhorred in-
 " trusion in any society whatsoever; and indeed it is
 " to be regretted that he was rather blameable on the
 " other extreme. He was of all men I ever knew the
 " most modest, and the most easy to be discounte-
 " nanced in his approaches either to his superiors or
 " his equals.—As to his writings—I may venture to
 " say in general terms, that no man hath written in
 " our language so much, and so various matter, and in
 " so various manners, so well. Another thing I may
 " say was very peculiar to him, which is, that his
 " parts did not decline with his years, but that he
 " was an improving writer to the last, even to near
 " seventy years of age, improving even in fire and ima-
 " gination as well as in judgment; witness his Ode on
 " St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, his latest per-
 " formances. He was equally excellent in verse and

"prose: his prose had all the clearness imaginable,
 "without deviating to the language or diction of
 "poetry, and I have heard him frequently own with
 "pleasure, that if he had any talent for writing prose
 "it was owing to his frequently having read the
 "writings of the great Archbishop Tillotson. In his
 "Poems his diction is, wherever his subject requires it,
 "so sublime and so truly poetical, that its essence,
 "like that of pure gold, cannot be destroyed. Take
 "his verses, and divest them of their rhymes, disjoint
 "them of their numbers, transpose their expressions,
 "make what arrangement or disposition you please in
 "his words, yet shall there eternally be poetry, and
 "something which will be found incapable of being
 "reduced to absolute prose. What he has done in
 "any one species, or distinct kind of writing, would
 "have been sufficient to have acquired him a very great
 "name. If he had written nothing but his Prefaces,
 "or nothing but his Songs or his Prologues, each of
 "them would have entitled him to the preference and
 "distinction of excelling in its kind."

Besides Mr. Dryden's numerous other performances, we find him Author of the twenty-six dramatic pieces following, viz.

1. The Wild Gallant, a Comedy, 1699.
2. The Indian Emperor; or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards.
3. An Evening's Love; or, The Mock Astrologer, a Comedy, 1671.

4. Marriage à-la-Mode, a Comedy, 1673.
5. Amboyna, a Tragedy, 1673.
6. The Mistaken Husband, a Comedy, 1675.
7. Aurenge-zebe; or, The Great Mogul, a Tragedy, 1676.
8. The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island, a Comedy, 1676.
9. Feigned Innocence; or, Sir Martin Mar-all, a Comedy, 1678.
10. The Assignment; or, Love in a Nunnery, a Comedy, 1678.
11. The State of Innocence; or, The Fall of Man, an Opera, 1678.
12. The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards, in two parts, two Tragi-Comedies, 1678.
13. All for Love; or, The World well Lost, a Tragedy, 1678.
14. Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr, a Tragedy, 1679.
15. Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth found too late, a Tragedy, 1679.
16. Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.
17. The Rival Ladies, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.
18. The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham, a Comedy, 1680.
19. The Spanish Fryar; or, The Double Discovery, a Tragi-Comedy, 1681.

- 20 Duke of Guise, a Tragedy, 1688.
21. Albion and Albanus, an Opera, 1685.
22. Den Sebastian King of Portugal, a Tragedy, 1690.
23. King Arthur; or, The British Worthy, a Tragedy, 1691.
24. Amphytrion; or, The two Sofias, a Comedy, 1691.
25. Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero, a Tragedy, 1692.
26. Love Triumphant; or, Nature will prevail, a Tragi-comedy, 1694.

Mr. Dryden had no monument erected to him for several years; to which Mr. Pope alludes in his epitaph intended for Mr. Rowe, in this line:

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies.

In a note upon which we are informed, that the tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint, by Sheffield duke of Buckingham, to which was originally intended this epitaph:

This Sheffield rais'd,----The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once; the rest who does not know?

Which was since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, viz.

J. DRYDEN,

NATUS AUG. 9. 1631,

MORTUS MAII 1. 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis fecit.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Public is here obliged with the Poetical Works of Mr. Dryden, detached from the compositions of inferior writers, with which most of them have been hitherto blended in the *Miscellanies* *. It was thought but justice to the productions of so excellent a Poet, to set them free, at last, from so disadvantageous, if not unnatural, an union; which, like the cruelty of Mezentius in Virgil, was no less than a junction of living and dead bodies. We say this in respect to numberless pieces in Mr. Dryden's *Miscellanies*, without derogating from that praise which is justly due to others among them. But, not to enter into the merit of Mr. Dryden's fellow-undertakers † in that collection, or the motives which induced him to write in conjunction with others, we may venture to say it is now high time the *partnership* should be dissolved, and Mr. Dryden left to stand upon his own bottom. His credit, as a Poet, is out of all danger, though the withdrawing his stock may probably expose many of his copartners to the hazard of a poetical bankruptcy.

There is, indeed, a Collection of original poems and translations by Mr. Dryden, published for J. Tonson in 1701, in a thin folio; and another by J. and R. Tonson, in two volumes duodecimo, in 1733;

* Those published by Mr. Dryden himself in *Six Parts*, and others.

† So he himself calls them, Preface to the *Miscellanies*.

but the first does not contain much above *half* the pieces, and the last is *not complete*, several of the Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, and Epitaphs, being entirely omitted; so that neither the one nor the other did fully answer the design of the present Collection, which is meant to include the *whole* of Mr. Dryden's *original Poems*, upon which, as has been observed by one of his biographers, (*Biograph. Diff.* vol. IV. p. 228.) his poetical reputation is chiefly built.

In all the editions we have seen of Mr. Dryden's *original Poems*, the second part of his *Abraham and Achithophel* has been printed imperfect, the lines wrote by Mr. Tate, upwards of 300 in number, being entirely omitted. In order to connect the reading and sense of the Poem, thus interrupted, these lines we have restored, as well as the desultory Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, &c. and, by the restoration, offer to the Reader, in the present Edition, not a mutilated, but a perfect poem; not a partial, but a complete Collection of Mr. Dryden's *original poetical pieces*.

VERSES
IN PRAISE OF MR. DRYDEN.

ON MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

**Be gone, you slaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free, impartial, men from Dryden learn.
Mysterious secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Rev'rend Levi) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel; but what's that to you?**

**While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics cast the pearls of heav'n to swine:
What then have thinking honest men to do,
But chuse a mean between th' usurping two?**

**Nor can the Egyptian patriarch blame thy muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;**

Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface, sure, was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read you'll say:
'Tis true; but so she will th' Apocrypha;
And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that God (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And so do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian stray,
Shall the great gulf be shew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who, at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to send men to hell
For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity, profusely shown
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own!
I'll err at least on the securer side,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

FROM MR. ADDISON'S ACCOUNT
OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

BUT ~~she~~ where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all:
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy name alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC. AN ODE.

From Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism, l. 376.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize;
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound.
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN.

FROM AN ODE OF GRAY'S.

BEHOLD, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear,
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding
Hark, his hands the lyre explore! (pace.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—

Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

TAKE it as earnest of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vast, your verse divinely good;
Where, tho' the Nine their beauteous strokes repeat,
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.
So all serenely great, so just refin'd,
Like angels' love to human seed inclin'd,
It starts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis spirit seen, whose fiery atoms rowl,
So brightly fierce, each syllable's a soul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom e'en the Fanatics altars raise,
Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise;

As if a Milton from the dead arose,
 Fil'd off the rust, and the right party chose.
 Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the gloomy say;
 Turn not your feet too inward nor too splay.
 'Tis gracious all, and great: push on your theme;
 Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.
 David, that rebel Israel's envy mov'd;
 David, by God and all good men belov'd.

The beauties of your Absalom excel,
 But more the charms of charming Annabel:
 Of Annabel, than May's first morn more bright,
 Cheerful as summer's noon, and chaste as winter's
 Of Annabel, the Muses' dearest theme; [night.
 Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.
 Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
 And to your masterpieces these shadows send.

NAT. LEE.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

I Thought, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
 Of poets' souls did long ago expire;
 Of folly or of madness did accuse
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;
 Laugh'd at the God, within that did inspire
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful quire.
 But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
 Of rhymers slumb'ring by the Muses' stream.

Some livelier spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From earthly dross, fills the great Poet's mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
Through each of which th' informing genius shines.
Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the king
Of whom thy muse does so sublimely sing:
Not David's self could in a nobler verse
His gloriously offending son rehearse;
Tho' in his breast the prophet's fury met,
The father's fondness, and the poet's wit.

Here all consent in wonder and in praise,
And to the unknown Poet altars raise;
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
(Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen)
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian Queen.
Sure thou already art secure of fame,
Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name:
What father else would have refus'd to own
So great a son as godlike Absalom? R. DUKE.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

HAIL heav'n-born Muse! hail ev'ry sacred page!
The glory of our isle and of our age:
Th' inspiring sun to Albion draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majesty.

Volume I.

D

While Pindus' lofty heights our Poet sought,
 (His ravish'd mind with vast ideas fraught)
 Our language fail'd beneath his rising thought.
 This checks not his attempt; for Mars's mines
 He drains of all their gold t' adorn his lines,
 Through each of which the Mantuan Genius shines.
 The rock obey'd the pow'rful Hebrew guide,
 Her flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide:
 Thus on our stubborn language he prevails,
 And makes the Helicon in which he falls;
 The dialect, as well as sense, invents,
 And, with his poem, a new speech presents.
 Hail, then, thou matchless Bard, thou great Unknown,
 That give your country fame, yet shun your own!
 In vain; for ev'ry where your praise you find,
 And, not to meet it, you must shun mankind.
 Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
 And e'en the factions give your verse applause,
 Whose lightning strikes to ground their idol cause:
 The cause, for whose dear sake they drank a flood
 Of civil gore, nor spar'd the Royal blood;
 The cause, whose growth to crush, our prelates wrote
 In vain, almost in vain our heroes fought;
 Yet by one stab of your keen satire dies;
 Before your sacred lines their murther'd Dagon lies.
 Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
 The sire to whom this lovely birth we owe;

Deny'd our ready homage to express,
 And can at best but thankful be by guest;
 This hope remains; may David's godlike mind,
 (For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find;
 And, having found, show'r equal favours down
 On wit so vast, as cou'd oblige a crown.

N. TATE.

UPON THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL,

A SATIRE.

ONCE more our awful Poet arms t' engage
 The threat'ning hydra-faction of the age;
 Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
 And ev'ry muse attends him to the field.
 By Art and Nature for this task design'd,
 Yet modestly the fight he long declin'd;
 Forbore the torrent of his verse to pour,
 Nor loos'd his satire 'till the needful hour.
 His Sov'reign's right, by patience half betray'd,
 Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
 Blest Muse, whose wit with such a cause was crown'd,
 And blest the cause that such a champion found!
 With chosen verse upon the foe he falls,
 And black Sedition in each quarter galls;
 Yet, like a prince with subjects forc'd t' engage,
 Secure of conquest he rebates his rage;

D ij

His fury not without distinction sheds,
 Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
 To less-infected members gentle found,
 Or spares, or else pours balm into the wound.
 Such gen'rous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuse,
 And trespass on the mercy of his muse:
 Their wretched dogrel rhymers forth they bring,
 To snarl and bark against the poet's king;
 A crew that scandalize the nation more
 Than all their treason-canting priests before.
 On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,
 But on their pow'rful patrons turns his style:
 A style so keen, as e'en from faction draws
 The vital poison, stabs to th' heart their cause.
 Take then, great Bard! what tribute we can raise;
 Accept our thanks, for you transcend our praise.

N. TATE.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

THE MEDAL, A SATIRE:

AND OF ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

THUS pious Ignorance, with dubious praise,
 Altars of old to gods unknown did raise:
 They knew not the lov'd Deity; they knew
 Divine effects a cause divine did shew;

Nor can we doubt, when such these numbers are,
Such is their cause, tho' the worst muse shall dare
Their sacred worth in humble verse declare.

As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful song,
Glides in a peaceful majesty along,
No rebel stone, no lofty bank does brave
The easy passage of his silent wave;
So, sacred Poet! so thy numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers woo;
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,
Yet soft as down upon the wings of Love.
How sweet does virtue in your dress appear;
How much more charming, when much less severe?
Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy style;
Y' insinuate loyalty with kind deceit,
And into sense th' unthinking many cheat.
So the sweet Thracian with his charming lyre
Into rude nature virtue did inspire;
So he the savage herd to reason drew,
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly, as you.
O that you would, with some such pow'rful charm,
Enervate Albion to just valour warm!
Whether much-suffering Charles shall theme afford,
Or the great deeds of godlike James's sword.
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another fleet might pass the subject main,

Another Edward lead the Britons on,
 Or such an Ossory as you did moan;
 While in such numbers you, in such a strain,
 In flame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false Achithophel the rout engage,
 'Talk easy Absalom to rebel rage;
 Let frugal Shimei curse in holy zeal,
 Or modest Corah more new plots reveal;
 Whilst constant to himself, secure of Fate,
 Good David still maintains the royal state.
 'Though each in vain such various ills employs,
 Firmly he stands, and e'en those ills enjoys;
 Firm as fair Albion, 'midst the raging main,
 Surveys incircling danger with disdain.

In vain the waves assault the unmov'd shore,
 In vain the winds with mingled fury roar, [fore. }
 Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs shine whiter than be-

Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conspire,
 Tho' the worse rage of Zeal's fanatic fire;
 Thou best, thou greatest, of the British race,
 Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place.

Ah wretched Britons! ah too stubborn isle!
 Ah stiff-neck'd Israel on blest Canaan's soil!
 Are those dear proofs of Heav'n's indulgence vain,
 Restoring David and his gentle reign?
 Is it in vain thou all the goods dost know,
 Auspicious stars on mortals shed below, [ney flow? }
 While all thy streams with milk, thy lands with ho-

No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage
In civil fury and intestine rage:
No rebel zeal thy duteous land molest,
But a smooth calm sooth every peaceful breast,
While in such charming notes divinely sings
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

J. ADAMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS RELIGIO LAICI.

THOSE gods the pious Ancients did adore,
They learnt in verse devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to use the common way
Of talk, when they did to such beings pray.
Nay, they that taught religion first, thought fit
In verse its sacred precepts to transmit:
So Solon, too, did his first statutes draw,
And every little stanza was a law.
By these few precedents we plainly see
The primitive design of poetry;
Which, by restoring to its native use,
You generously have rescu'd from abuse.
Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet numbers sing,
She vindicates her God, and godlike king.
Atheist, and rebel too, she does oppose;
(God and the King have always the same foes.)
Legions of verse you raise in their defence,
And write the factious to obedience;

You the bold Arian to arms defy,
A conqu'ring champion for the Deity
Against the Whigs' first parents, who did dare
To dishonour God Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd Arian first began,
Is carried on by the Socinian,
Who still associates to keep God a man.
But 'tis the Prince of poets' task alone
T' assert the rights of God's and Charles's throne.
Whilst vulgar poets purchase vulgar fame
By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phillis' name;
Whose reputation shall last as long
As fops and ladies sing the amorous song.
A nobler subject wisely they refuse,
The mighty weight would crush their feeble muse.
So Story tells, A painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a deity;
And he, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a minor god with wondrous art;
But when great Jove did to the workman sit,
The Thunderer such horror did beget,
That put the frighted artist to a stand,
And made his pencil drop from's baffled hand.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy restoration and return of his Sacred Majesty, Charles II. 1660.

"Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." Virg.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was blest'd,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and, worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stilness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows toss'd,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd:
And Heav'n, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
As Nature bred, and Int'rest did increase.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,

While our cross stars deny'd us Charles' bed,
 Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
 For his long absence Church and State did groan;
 Madnefs the pulpit, faction seiz'd the throne;
 Experienc'd age in deep despair was lost,
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd:
 Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd gray hairs that once good days had seen:
 We thought our fires, not with their own content,
 Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
 Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt:
 For when, by their designing leaders taught
 To strike at pow'r, which for themselves they sought,
 The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
 Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
 The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,
 Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.
 Thus when the bold Typhoeus seal'd the sky,
 And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n to fly,
 (What king, what crown, from Treason's reach is free,
 If Jove and heav'n can violated be)
 The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous state,
 All suffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's fate.
 The rabble, now such freedom did enjoy,
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
 Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage liberty,

Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
Ere Empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles' woes, who thus
Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!
He, tofs'd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's sorrows with his crown,
Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dress'd.
As souls reach heav'n while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment.
That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales lavingering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger fought,
And Piso to adopted empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
That must his fall'rings both regret and bless!
For when his early valour Heav'n had cross'd,
And all at Worc'ster but the honour lost,

Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
 He made all countries, where he came, his own;
 And viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
 A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
 Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's anointed was his crime;
 And when restor'd made his proud neighbours rue
 Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
 Nor is he only by afflictions shown
 To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:
 Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,
 His right endears it much, his purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
 No rash procedure will his actions stain:
 To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,
 His future rule is into method brought:
 As they, who first proportion understand,
 With easy practice reach a master's hand,
 Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor,
 Since, struck with rays of prosp'rous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.
 In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
 The name of Great his famous grandfire gain'd:
 Who yet a king alone in name and right,
 With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
 Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast powers,
 As holy and as catholic as ours:

Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook, but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease;
No action leave to busy chronicles;
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochs mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles' too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.
Tremble, ye Nations, who, secure before,
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strows?
To all the sea-gods Charles an off'ring owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye Tempests of the main:
For those loud storms, that did against him roar,
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd sight;
So on us stole our blessed change, while we
Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.

Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
 To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping pow'r withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
 Our thaw was mild; the cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
 Heav'n would no bargain for its blessings drive,
 But, what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
 A gift unhop'd without the price of war:
 Yet, as he knew his blessings worth, took care
 That we should know it by repeated pray'r;
 Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from
 As heav'n itself is took by violence. [thence,
 Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
 Th' attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour
 Not come: so, like the watchful traveller,
 That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
 'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.

With ease such fond chimæras we pursue,
 As fancy frames for fancy to subdue;
 But when ourselves to action we betake,
 It shuns the mint-like gold that chymists make.
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the body natural we see?
 Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense,
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
 Would let him play a while upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
 Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
 Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
 To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossest:
 Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
 They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
 While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls;
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made their gold their end.
Th' incens'd Pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
An heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, belie the thunder's sound,
'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our suff'rings learnt to prize our bliss.
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.

'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
 Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore,
 To fetch that prize by which Batavia made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
 Oh had you seen from Schéveline's barren shore,
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more)
 Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
 True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
 While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
 And willing winds to their low'r'd sails deny'd.
 The wav'ring streamers, flags, and standards out;
 The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;
 And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
 And as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
 The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
 But better to be lost in Charles' name,
 (Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
 Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
 The princely York, himself alone a freight;
 The Swiftsure groans beneath great Glo'ster's weight.
 Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
 He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
 Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
 The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
 The same indulgence Charles' voyage bless'd,
 Which in his right had miracles confess'd.

The winds, that never moderation knew, and are
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
 Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
 Their strait'ned lungs, or conscious of their charge
 The British Amphytrite, smooth and clear,
 In richer azure never did appear;
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
 With the submitted fasces of the main.

AND welcome now, Great Monarch! to your own;
 Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
 It is no longer motion cheats your view,
 As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
 The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
 The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
 But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
 Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too;
 By that same mildness which your father's crown
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
 Not tied to rules of policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
 Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
 A sight of all he could behold and live,
 A voice before his entry did proclaim
 Long-suffering, Goodness, Mercy, in his name.
 Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause,
 Your goodness only is above the laws;

Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
 Is softer made: so winds that tempests brew,
 When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
 Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite:
 And as those lees, that trouble it, refine
 The agitated soul of generous wine;
 So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
 Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
 Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
 Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
 Chok'd up the beach with their still-growing store,
 And made a wilder torrent on the shore;
 While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
 Those who had seen you court a second sight;
 Preventing still your steps, and making haste
 To meet you often where'soe'er you past,
 How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
 When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
 (A month that owns an int'rest in your name;
 You and the flow'rs are its peculiar claim.)
 That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
 It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
 Did once again its potent fires renew,
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now Time's whiter series is begun,
 Which in soft-centuries shall smoothly run:
 Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
 Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.

Our nation with united int'rest blest'd,
 Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest,
 Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
 But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow,
 Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,
 Besiege the petty monarchs of the land;
 And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
 Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown,
 Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine freed,
 Our merchants shall no more advent'ers be,
 Nor in the farthest East those dangers fear,
 Which humble Holland must dissemble here,
 Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes,
 For what the pow'ful takes not, he bestows,
 And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
 May justly apprehend you still too near.
 At home the hateful names of party cease,
 And factious souls are weary'd into peace.
 The discontented now are only they,
 Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
 Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
 But most your life and blest'd example win.
 Oh happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way,
 By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
 Oh happy age! oh times like those alone,
 By Fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
 When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
 The world a Monarch, and that monarch You.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:**THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.****AN HISTORICAL POEM.****AN ACCOUNT OF THE****ENSUING POEM.****In a Letter to the****HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.****SIR,**

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes,

of a most just and necessary war; in it the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but, withal, the greatest argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this Poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this, but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my Poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But, since the action is not properly one, nor that accom-

plished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of History) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among Historians in verse, than Epic poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my Poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number; than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion; for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear

along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes, all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of *Homer* by Chapman; all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which, you may remember, is much better defended in the preface to *Gondibert*; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general, I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: and if there be any such, in another language, as that of *Lucan* in the Third of his *Pharfalia*, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of

it than any other words. We hear, indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And, certainly, as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; so those, who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

"Descriptas fervare vices, operamque colores,"

"Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor!"

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place, where I have not so much as the converse of any Seamen. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family; so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have

exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—
“*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus.*” I have
had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile;
that, without my cultivating, it has given me two har-
vests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper.
All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it
will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of
arms is only real: other greatness burdens a nation
with its weight; this supports it with its strength.
And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the pe-
culiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may
praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless
it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue,
which the lustre of no other can be so great as to
darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never
safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But
to return from this digression to a farther account of
my Poem. I must crave leave to tell you, that as I
have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts,
so much more to express those thoughts with elocu-
tion. The composition of all poems is, or ought to
be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if
you will give me leave to use a school distinction) is
no other than the faculty of imagination in the wri-
ter, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ran-
ges through the field of memory; till it springs the
quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which
searches over all the memory for the species or ideas

of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly, and more delightfully, than Nature. So, then, the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either come

bating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words, therefore, are the least part of his care; for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and, consequently, of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shows remoteness of thought, or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them; and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before

his, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas:

"Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariufve lapidis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was said by Ovid, "*Materiam superabat opus.*" The very sound of his words has often somewhat that is con-natural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes,

which, you know, change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pisos:

"Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum

"Reddidit junctura novum".....

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this Poem: I have followed him every where; I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant, in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

"Et nova, siquæ nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si

"Græco fonte cadunt, parce detorta".....

The inference is exceeding plain: for, if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it, with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poetry; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason, beget laughter: for the one shews Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a leper, or of a fool, with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same images serve equally for the epic poetry, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, "*Stantes in curribus Æmilliani*," heroes drawn in their triumphal

chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be, like that of Virgil, "*Spirantia mollius æra*:" there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have abused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did "*Humi serpere*;" that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, "*Nunc non erat his locus*;" I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, Sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of

those of whom the younger Pliny speaks; "Nec sunt
 "parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vo-
 "cant:" I am rather too secure of you on that side.
 Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you
 more remiss in correcting them, if you will not withal
 consider that they come into the world with your ap-
 probation, and through your hands. I beg from you
 the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent
 person, since I repose upon your management what is
 dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore
 I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by
 many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the
 gamester, who married the rich man's daughter, and,
 when her father denied the portion, christened all the
 children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they
 must beg, they should do so by one name as well as
 by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will
 light on you, it is but reason I should do you that ju-
 stice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be
 any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the argu-
 ment to your choice, the writing to your encourage-
 ment, the correction to your judgment, and the car-
 of it to your friendship, to which he must ever ac-
 knowledge himself to owe all things, who is,
 SIR,
 The most obedient, and most
 faithful of your servants,

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
 Nov. 20. 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

The most Renowned and late Flourishing

CITY OF LONDON,

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES

*The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and
the Council of it.*

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a Dedication, should begin it with that City which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and, at the same time, to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation; the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more

mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverses of fortune; and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and with-held you from him; and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade; that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal Monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude that your sufferings are at an end; and that

one part of my Poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophesy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired, than by

The greatest of your admirers,

and most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

I.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad :
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ;
Our King they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which, like blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost :
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

III.

For them alone the heav'ns had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew :
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

IV.

The sun but seem'd the lab'rer of the year ;
Each waxing moon supply'd her wat'ry store,
To swell those tides, which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far ;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong ;
And this may prove our second Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?
 (But they more diligent, and we more strong)
 Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
 For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far,
 That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
 Where France will side to weaken us by war,
 Who only can his vast designs withstand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
 To render us his timely friendship vain;
 And, while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
 He rocks the cradle of the Babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
 O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
 And, prudently, would make them lords at sea,
 To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

X.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
 His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
 He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,
 And he less for it than usurpers do.

XI.

His gen'rous mind the fair ideas drew
 Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;

Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew;
Not to be gather'd hut by birds of prey.

XII.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war.
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbs rise,
It would in richer show'rs descend again.

XIV.

At length resolv'd t' assert the wat'ry ball,
He in himself did whole armados bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And chuse for general, were he not their King.

XV.

It seems as ev'ry ship their Sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when * Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

XVI.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;

* *When Proteus blows.*]

— *Coeruleis Proteus immania ponti*
— *Armenta et magnas pascit sub gurgite Phocæ.*

Virg.

And Heav'n, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are
Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slipp'ry star,
Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King;
And now a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did, first, with fam'd success,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

XX.

But since it was decreed, auspicious King,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

XXI.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an off'ring for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

XXII.
 Their chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
 To which his pride presum'd to give the law:
 The Dutch confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,
 And all was Britain the wide Ocean saw.

XXIII.
 To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
 Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
 So rev'rently men quit the open air,
 When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.
 And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
 With all the riches of the rising sun:
 And precious sand from southern climates brought,
 The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.
 Like hunted casters, conscious of their store,
 Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring:
 There first the North's cold besom spices bore,
 And Winter brooded on the eastern spring.

XXVI.
 By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
 Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;
 And round about their murd'ring cannon lay,
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.
 Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
 The English undertake th' unequal war:

Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those :
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy ;
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly :
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heav'n's inclemency some ease we find :
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey ;
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd :
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

XXXII.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come ;
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The son who, twice three months on th' ocean tost,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
 And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

XXXIV.

This careful husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
 Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
 On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are * the proud designs of human kind,
 And so we suffer shipwreck ev'ry where!
 Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
 Who in the night of fate must blindly steer?

XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
 Heav'n in his bosom from our knowledge hides;
 And draws them in contempt of human skill,
 Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
 In whom we seek the German faith † in vain:
 Alas, that he should teach the English first,
 That fraud and av'rice in the church could reign!

* *Such are, &c.*] From Petronius; "Si bene calculum
 "ponas, ubique fit naufragium."

† *The German faith.*] Tacitus saith of them, "Nullos
 "mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse."

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
 Whose friendship's in his int'rest understood!
 Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
 When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
 The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand:
 And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
 Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch-guardian of rich Holland's trade,
 Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy;
 Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
 And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
 He takes this time his secret hate to show;
 Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
 As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite;
 France as their tyrant, Deamark as their slave:
 But when with one three nations join to fight,
 They silently confess that one more brave,

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
 But Charles the French as subjects does invite:

Would Heav'n for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

XLIV.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice,
And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dang'rous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before.
As honour made him first the danger chuse:
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal pow'r he does two chiefs create,
Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and int'rest to the same,
Like mighty part'ners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
 But once possess'd did absolutely reign :
 Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
 And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
 That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
 And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
 To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haste,
 Whom matrons passing to their children show :
 Infants' first vows for them to Heav'n are cast,
 And future people † bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
 T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
 To make slow fights, and victories but vain;
 But war, severely, like itself, appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
 They make that warmth in others they expect :
 Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
 And does its image on their men project.

† *Future people,*] " *Examina infantium futurosque*
"populus." Plin. Jun. in Paneg. ad Traj.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
 In number, and a fam'd commander, bold;
 The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
 Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, less num'rous, but in courage more,
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
 His murd'ring guns a loud defiance roar,
 And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

LVI.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
 Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler fight,
 When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Born each by other in a distant line,
 The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
 So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
 But lands unfix'd *, and floating nations strove.

LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
 And in its eye more closely they come back,
 To finish all the deaths they left behind.

* *Lands unfix'd.*] From Virgil: "Credas in pare revolvit
 "for Cycladas." &c.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
 Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
 Such port the el'phant bears, and so defy'd
 By the rhinoc'ros, her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, so diff'rent is the fight;
 Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
 Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
 And through the yielding planks a passage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
 Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
 All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
 He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
 But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
 E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
 And, steeple-high, stood prop'd upon the main.

LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:
 With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
 Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
 Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greeks;

Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

LXV.
Mean time his busy mariners he hastes,

His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.
Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,

More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests, advancing, do the waves divide.

LXVII.
'They charge, re-charge, and all along the sea

They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet:
Berkley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Crensa meet.

LXVIII.
The night comes on, we eager to pursue

The combat still, and they sham'd to leave;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

LXIX.
In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,

And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
 Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie :
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
 (Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.)

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore ;
 Or, in dark churches walk among the dead ;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
 Till, from their main-top, joyful news they hear
 Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
 And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful Gen'ral had discern'd from far
 This mighty succour, which made glad the foe :
 He sigh'd, but, like a father of the war,
 His face spake hope *, while deep his sorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
 Never, till now, unwilling to obey :
 They not their wounds, but want of strength deplore,
 And think them happy who with him can stay.

* *His face, &c.*] "Spem vultu simulat, premit alto corde
 "dolorem." *Virg.*

LXXV.

Then, to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day;

In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:

Among so brave a people you are they

Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a prize.

LXXVI.

If number English courages could quell,

We should at first have shunn'd, not met, our foes;

Whose num'rous sails the fearful only tell:

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows."

LXXVII.

He said; nor needed more to say: with haste

To their known stations cheerfully they go;

And all at once, disdaining to be last,

Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,

But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood;

So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,

But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,

That, like the sword-fish in the whale, they fought;

The combat only seem'd a civil war,

Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before

Done aught like this upon the land or main,

Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
And armed Edwards look'd, with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

LXXXII.

Mean time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns thro' our sterns they send;
Close by their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they came on:
(Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Ætna's on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less,
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main:
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
 Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
 And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
 Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
 And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
 With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
 Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
 He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flee:
 Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
 Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
 To see those perish who so well had fought;
 And, gen'rously, with his despair he strove,
 Resolv'd to live, till he their safety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,
 Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd;
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
 Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
 On which the foe his fruitless force employs:

His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

XCII.
His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe:
Thus Israel safe from the Egyptians' pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

XCIII.
Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

XCIV.
The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold sin,
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.
This seen, the rest at awful distance stood,
As if they had been there as servants set,
To slay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.
So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady covers rous'd, the lion chase;
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves^a, unknowing to give place.

^a The simile is Virgil's; "Vestigia retro impropinata re-
fert," &c.

XCVII.

Bat if some one approach to dare his force,
 He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
 With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
 And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
 Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
 And weary waves *, withdrawing from the fight,
 Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
 Where, while her beams like glitt'ring silver play,
 Upon the deck our careful Gen'ral stood,
 And deeply mns'd on the succeeding day.

C.

"That happy fun," said he, "will rise again,
 Who twice victorious did our navy see:
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 Without one ray of all his star for me.

CI.

Yet, like an English gen'ral will I die,
 And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
 Women and cowards on the land may lie,
 The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

* *Weary waves.* From Statius Sylv.

"Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus; occidit horror

"Aequoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescunt."

CII.

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
 Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh :
 And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
 With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

CIII.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
 His naked valour is his only guard :
 Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
 And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, he forc'd to stay,
 Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife :
 This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay,
 For all the glories of so great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
 Whose waving streamers the glad Gen'ral knows :
 With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
 And ev'ry ship in swift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,
 And from that length of time dire omens drew
 Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
 Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who, with pious care,
 Was beating widely on the wing for prey,

To her now silent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

CIX.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

CXI.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute th' appearance of the Prince's fleet:
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield;
Now look like those, when rowling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

CXIII.

CXIII.

Full in the Prince's passage hills of sand,
 And dang'rous flats in secret ambush lay,
 Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
 And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, fear'd
 This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
 And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
 Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight:
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,
 And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
 And he the substance not th' appearance chose:
 To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
 Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
 Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
 He joys to have his friend in safety found,
 Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,
 Now long to execute their spleenful will;

And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,
With one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

CXIX.

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new-pointed his dull dart agen.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy still a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,
And suddenly to his revenge he fails:
So glides * some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

* So glides, &c.] From Virgil.
"Quum medii nexus extremaeque agmina caudae
Solvuntur; tardosque trahit sinus ultimus osses."

CXXIV.

Th' increasing sound is borné to either shore,
 And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
 Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
 And with warm wishes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,
 Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
 So sicken weaning moons too near the sun,
 And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
 Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
 Where the thin scatt'ring trees admit the light,
 And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
 Two giant ships, the pride of all the main,
 Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
 And flew so home, they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
 In vain upon the passing winds they call;
 The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
 And flapping sails on heartless sailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let into shades below:

Without, grim death rides barefac'd in their sight,
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the Prince's main-mast bore;
All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay;
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past pow'r to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

* "Quos opimus fallere et effugere est triumphus." *Hor.*
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CXXXV.

The General's force as kept alive by flight,
 Now not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
 Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage right;
 When he had conquer'd, he his weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
 And sighs to see him quit the wat'ry field:
 His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
 For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,
 He stands confess'd even by the boastful Dutch;
 He only does his conquest disavow,
 And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
 No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
 Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
 For realms are households which the great must guide.

CXXXIX.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
 On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
 Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
 And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
 Th' essay and rudiments of great success,

Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,
Which he, like Heav'n, does each day's labour bless.

CXLI.

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd;
God and kings' work, when they their works survey,
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd vessels, first, with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send;
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And, as the surgeons of main'd ships, attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburgh sent,
His navies' molted wings he imp's once more;
Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
And English oaks sprung leaks and planks restore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm;
Like lab'ring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung;
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

• "Fervet opus." The same similitude in Virgil.

CXLVI.

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,
 Some drive old okum through each seam and rift :
 Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
 The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
 (From friendly Sweden brought) the seams in stops ;
 Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
 And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling bind,
 Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats :
 To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
 And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,
 His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore :
 The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
 And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
 And ships which all last winter were abroad ;
 And such as fitted since the fight had been,
 Or new from stocks were fallen into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
 The Phoenix, daughter of the vanish'd old,

Like a rich bride does to the ocean-swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks; her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal City give their best-lov'd King;
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid, Art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
An-useless drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And cross some riv'let passage did begin.

CLVII. In shipping such as this, the Irish kern,
 And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide,
 Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
 Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

CLVIII. Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
 When, from lost empire, he to exile went,
 And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
 Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

CLIX. Rude as their ship was navigation then;
 No useful compass or meridian known;
 Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
 And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.

CLX. Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
 Than the bold English none more fame have won:
 Beyond the year, and out of heav'n's high way*,
 They make discoveries where they see no sun.

CLXI. But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
 By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
 Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
 And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII. The ebbs of tides, and their mysterious flow,
 We, as Art's elements, shall understand,

* "Extra anni solisque vias,"

Virg.

And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose path shall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,

By which remotest regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the universe,

Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,

And view the ocean leaning on the sky;

From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,

And on the lunar world securely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel, from your auspicious care,

Who great in search of God and Nature grow;

Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,

Since best to praise his works is best to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law

And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;

And thence, like limbies, rich ideas draw,

To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But first the toils of war we must endure,

And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas:

War makes the valiant of his right secure,

And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
 Whose fleet more mighty ev'ry day became
 By late success, which they did falsely boast,
 And now, by first appearing, seem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
 They knew to manage war with wise delay :
 Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
 And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the English long; but, well supply'd,
 Appear as num'rous as th' insulting foe ;
 The combat now by courage must be try'd,
 And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
 Which in the Streights last winter was abroad ;
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
 And on the Mid-land sea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
 Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet :
 And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
 While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the Gen'ral's fight ;
 Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold :

As once old Cato in the Roman's fight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought :
Harman, who did the twice-fr'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis, on a muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds :
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn :
And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

CLXXVII.

Of ev'ry size an hundred fighting sail :
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
That heav'n and earth and the wide ocean rings :
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gath'ring storm foresaw,
 And durst not bide it on the English coast;
 Behind their treach'rous shallows they withdraw,
 And there lay snares to catch the British host.

CLXXX.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie;
 And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
 Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if, at last, she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
 She joys to touch the captive in her net,
 And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
 Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
 Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
 Their num'rous grofs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above,
 And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
 O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
 And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
 With all his hosts of waters at command,

Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand *.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hast'ning up behind:
Who view, far off, the storm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judg'd for shot of ev'ry size,
The linestocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires;
The vig'rous seaman ev'ry port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
For honour, which they seldom sought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,
And forc'd, at least in shew, to prize it more.

* ———— "levat ipse tridenti,
"Et vastas aperit syrtes," &c.

Virg.

CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,

And shame of being match'd by such a foe,

Rouse conscious virtue up in ev'ry heart,

And seeming to be stronger makes them so *.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,

Which did two gen'ral's fates and Cæsar's bear :

Each several ship a victory did gain,

As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCH.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,

Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight :

But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,

Who call'd that Providence which we call'd Flight.

CXCIH.

Never did men more joyfully obey,

Or sooner understood the sign to flee :

With such alacrity they bore away,

As if to praise them all the States stood by.

CXCIV.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet,

Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,

As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,

Because he did not of his Rome despair.

* "Possunt, quia posse videntur." *Virg.*

CXCIV.

Behold that navy which, a while before,
 Provok'd the tardy English close to fight,
 Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
 As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbies' flight.

CXCV.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
 In other records may our courage know;
 But let them hide the story of this day,
 Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

CXCVI.

Or if too busily they will inquire
 Into a victory which we disdain,
 Then let them know the Belgians did retire
 Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
 To Philip's manes did an off'ring bring;
 England, which first, by leading them astray,
 Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her King.

CXCVIII.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry
 To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
 But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
 Whose rising pow'r to swift dominion flew.

CC.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
 And wander after pathless Destiny;

Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet,
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coasts our conqu'ring navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey,
And give no chace, but swallow in the fry,
Which thro' their gaping jaws mistake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the waters float,
And outbound ships at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one to burn them in the road.

CCVI. *Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,*

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
 Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear;
 Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
 For folded turbans finest holland bear.

CCVII. *Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,*

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
 And into cloth of spungy softness made,
 Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
 To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

CCVIII. *Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,*

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
 Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
 And as the priests, who with their gods make bold,
 Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX. *But, ah! how unsincere are all our joys!*

But, ah! how unsincere are all our joys!
 Which, sent from heav'n, like lightning make no
 Their palling taste the journey's length destroys, [stay;
 Or Grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX. *Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,*

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
 Which France and Holland wanted pow'r to cross,
 We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
 And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

CCXI. *Each element his dread command obeys,*

Each element his dread command obeys,
 Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;

Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.
Yet London, empress of the Northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.
As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

CCXIV.
Till fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.
Such was the rise of this prodigious fire
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

CCXVI.
The diligence of Trade, and noiseful Gain,
And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and, in her silent reign,
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

* "Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia coeli
"Ardeat," &c. Ovid.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
 Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
 And, first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,
 Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

CCXVIII.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
 And, mould'ring as it went, in silence fed;
 Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
 Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
 Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
 Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
 And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So 'scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
 And makes small outlets into open air;
 There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
 And beat him downward to his first repair.

CCXXI.

The winds, like crafty courtezans*, withheld
 His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
 And ev'ry fresh attempt he is repell'd
 With faint denials, weaker than before,

* *Like crafty, &c.*] "Hac arte tractabat cupidum virum,
 ut illius animum inopia accenderet."

CCXXII.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
 He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire;
 O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
 And nods at every house his threat'ning fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sat
 Above the palace of our slumb'ring King;
 He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
 And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
 Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
 Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,
 Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire;
 And frighted mothers strike their breasts, too late,
 For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
 Now murmur'ing noises rise in ev'ry street:

The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, men jostle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire;
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some, more bold, mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames, impell'd, soon left their foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton fury, went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze;
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring fish in shining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old Father Thames rais'd up his rev'rend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

“Signa igni freta lata relucunt,” *Virg.*

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader grofs;

To either hand his wings he opens wide;

He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,

And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

CCXXXIV.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;

Now with long necks from side to side they feed;

At length, grown strong, their mother fire forsake,

And a new colony of flames succeed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the Town

The curling billows rowl their restless tide;

In parties now they straggle up and down,

As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty squadron, with a side-wind sped,

Thro' narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,

By pow'ful charms of gold and silver led,

The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,

And slowly eats his way against the wind;

But the main body of the marching foe

Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,

Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest;

Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,

And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,

With gloomy pillars, cover all the place,

Whose little intervals of night are broke

By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,

And pious tears which down his cheeks did show'r :

The wretched in his grief forgot their own ;

So much the pity of a king has pow'r.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,

And what so well had merited his love ;

For never prince in grace did more excel,

Or royal city more in duty strove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold ;

(Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress)

He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,

And makes despairers hope for good success.

CCXLIII.

Himself directs what first is to be done,

And orders all the succours which they bring :

The helpful and the good about him run,

And form an army worthy such a king.

CCXLIV.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast;
 That, where it seizes, all relief is vain;
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
 That country which would else the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire;
 Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;
 And from the precipice's brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
 But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
 They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
 And o'er the breach in unobscured vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet;
 Part creeping under ground, their journey blind,
 And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood side,
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails; for, hydra-like, the fire
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;

And scarce the wealthy can one half retire

Before he rushes in to share the prey;

CCL. The gaubol flal n oT

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud;

Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:

So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,

When others' ruin may increase their store.

CCLI. The gaubol flal n oT

As those who live by shores with joy behold

Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,

And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,

And seek the tempests which the others fly;

CCLII. The gaubol flal n oT

So these but wait the owners' last despair,

And what's permitted to the flames invade;

E'en from their jaws the hungry morsels tear,

And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan laden.

CCLIII. The gaubol flal n oT

The days were all in this lost labour spent;

And when the weary King gave place to night,

His beams he to his royal brother lent,

And so shone still in his reflective light.

CCLIV. The gaubol flal n oT

Night came, but without darkness or repose,

A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;

Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,

And half unready, with their bodies come.

The gaubol flal n oT

CCLV.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends :
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

CCLVI.

Those who have none sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require ;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run ;
And, while through burning lab'rinth they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

CCLVIII.

The most in fields, like herded beasts, lie down,
To dews obnoxious, on the grassy floor ;
And, while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can ease them but their Sov'reign's care,
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing :

E'en those, whom want might drive to just despair,
Think life's a blessing under such a King.

CCLXI.
Mean time he sadly suffers in their grief,

Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,

How they may be supply'd and he may want.
CCLXII.

"O God," said he, "thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!

Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

CCLXIII.
Be thou my judge with what unwearied care

I since have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruises of a Civil war,

And stop the issues of their wasting blood!
CCLXIV.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompense, as friends, the good misdeed;

If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

CCLXV.
Or, if my heedless youth has stepp'd astray,

Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,

But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.
 We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
 As humble earth, from whence at first we came :
 Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
 And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

CCLXVII.
 O let it be enough what thou hast done!
 When spotted deaths ran arm'd thro' ev'ry street,
 With poison'd darts, which not the good could shun,
 The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.
 The living few, and frequent fun'erals then,
 Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place;
 And now those few, who are return'd again,
 Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.
 O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
 Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
 But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
 And, in that foresight, this thy doom recall.

CCLXX.
 Thy threat'nings, Lord, as thine, thou may'st revoke;
 But if immutable and fix'd they stand,
 Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
 And let not foreign foes oppress thy land."

CCLXXI.
 Th' Eternal heard, and from the heav'nly choir
 Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;

And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

CCLXXII.
The blessed minister his wings display'd,

And, like a shooting star, he cleft the night: **II**

He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd

He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

CCLXXIII.
The fugitive flames, chafis'd, went forth to prey

On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;

By which to heav'n they did affect the way,

Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.
The wanting orphans saw, with wat'ry eyes,

Their founders' charity in dust laid low;

And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries;

For he protects the poor who made them so.

CCLXXV.
Nor could thy fabric, Paul, defend thee long,

Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:

Though made immortal by a poet's song;

And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

CCLXXVI.
The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far

The awful beauties of the sacred quire;

But since it was profan'd by Civil war,

Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Lij

CCLXXVII.
 Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came;
 And, widely opening, did on both sides prey;
 This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
 If only ruin must enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.
 And now four days the fun had seen our woes,
 Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire;
 It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
 And farther from the sev'rish North retire.

CCLXXIX.
 In th' empyrean heav'n, the blest'd abode,
 The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
 Not daring to behold their angry God;
 And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

CCLXXX.
 At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
 And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast;
 He saw the Town's one half in rubbish lie,
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

CCLXXXI.
 An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
 In firmamental waters dipt above;
 Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

CCLXXXII.
 The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
 Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:

Each household genius shews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our King this more than nat'ral change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd

CCLXXXV. [grain.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart, which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The Father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

Liiij

Right as the tower which gives the Indies name,

With silver pay'd, and all divine with gold.

CCLXXXVIII.

But so may he live long that Town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe!

CCXC.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmost malice of the stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the Town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd their last,
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark prison freed,
(Those weights took off that on his planet hung)
Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pay'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already, lab'ring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
 Which Heav'n will to the death of Time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more august,
 New deified she from her fires does rise;
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

CCXCVI.

Before she like some shepherdes did show,
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,
 Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The silent Thames, her own domestic flood,
 Shall bear her vessels, like a sweeping train;
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
 And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
 Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

CCC.

The vent'rous merchant, who design'd more far,
 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charm'd with the splendour of this Northern star,
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our pow'rful navy shall no longer meet
 The wealth of France or Holland to invade :
 The beauty of this Town, without a fleet,
 From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
 The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
 That those who now disdain our trade to share,
 Shall rob, like pirates, on our wealthy coast.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
 And the less dang'rous part is left behind;
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
 And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,
 But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
 A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
 And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

CCCIX.

The wealthy Tigris, and the wealthy Rhine,
 The glory of their towns no more shall lose;
 And since that world with Belgia rivers join,
 Shall not her inland trade, and traffic lose.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:**A POEM ON THE PRINCE,****BORN 10th JUNE 1688.**

Our vows are heard by times, and Heav'n takes care
To grant before we can conclude the pray'r;
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise who came to pray.

Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclet in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.

So great a blessing to so good a King
None but th' eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire, A

As once in council to create our fire?

It seems as if they sent the new-born guest

To wait on the procession of their feast;

And on their sacred anniverſe decreed

To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.

Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,

An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd:

The mighty Trine the triple empire ſhar'd,

As every perſon would have one to guard.

Hail Son of Pray'rs! by holy violence

Drawn down from heav'n; but long be baniſh'd

And late to thy paternal ſkies retire: [thence,

To mend our crimes whole ages would require;

To change th' invet'rate habit of our ſins,

And finiſh what thy godlike fire begins.

Kind Heav'n, to make us Engliſhmen again,

No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,

Ye Seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;

Thy father's angel and thy father join

To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;

But long defer the honours of thy fate:

Great may they be like his, like his be late;

That James his running century may view,

And give this ſon an auſpice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
 For see the Dragon winged on his way,
 To watch the travail, and devour the prey,
 Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
 Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant-cry,
 The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
 But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
 For opposition makes a hero great.
 To needful succour all the good will run,
 And Jove assert the godhead of his son.

O still repining at your present state,
 Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
 Look up, and read in characters of light
 A blessing sent you in your own despight.
 The manna falls, yet that celestial bread,
 Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed;
 May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
 Yet forty years to wander in the wild;
 Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
 To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.

Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
 What plants will take the blight and what will grow;
 By tracing heav'n his footsteps may be found:
 Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
 God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
 The rise of empires and their fall surveys:
 More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
 He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
 And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.

Already has he lifted high the sign
Which crown'd the conqu'ring arms of Constantine:
The moon grows pale at that presaging light,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.

Behold another Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.

Now view at home a second Constantine;
(The former, too, was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
O! did not Heav'n, by its eternal doom,
Permit those evils that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects
See whom and what this providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that Chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal Babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book;

If the first opening page so charms the sight,
 Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
 See how the venerable infant lies
 In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
 The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
 Looks out, and takes our homage as his due
 See on his future subjects how he smiles,
 Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
 But with an open face, as on his throne,
 Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.
 Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
 May find no room for a remaining doubt;
 Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
 And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth*,
 Loath to confess the Godhead cloath'd in earth:
 But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
 To find an heir-apparent in the skies:
 Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
 And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas † stood in plainer day,
 When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
 He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,
 Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
 For she herself had made his count'nance bright,
 Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.

† Virg. Æneid. I.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.

Great Michael, prince of all th' ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, th' adopted patron of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of Heav'n, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the still-impending test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyr's blood;

But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
 Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:
 A harvest rip'ning for another reign,
 Of which this royal Babe may reap the grain.

Enough of early founts one womb has giv'n;
 Enough increas'd the family of Heav'n:
 Let them for his and our atonement go,
 And reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.

Enough already has the year foreshow'd;
 His wonted course the sea has overflow'd;
 The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
 And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
 The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
 And the same shiv'ring sweat his lord attaints.
 When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
 Behold him at Arauna's threshing-floor*!
 He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming brand,
 Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.
 David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
 And rais'd an altar to the living God.

Heav'n, to reward him, make his joys sincere;
 No future ills nor accidents appear
 To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
 Five months to discord and debate were giv'n;
 He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.

* Alluding to the passage in the first book of Kings,
 chap. xxiv.

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest'd,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!

Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.

Let conscience, which is int'rest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.

Unnam'd as yet, at least unknown to fame,
Is there a strife in heav'n about his name;

Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?

Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.

Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd;
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,

To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.

But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues and fascinating eyes,

This isle, which hides the little-thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name;

Th' artillery of heav'n shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the god when Jove was grown.

As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,

Free of the breast was bred; whose milky taste,
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;

So this imperial Babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs' with plebeian blood;

Food that his inborn courage might control,
 Extinguish all the father in his soul;
 And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
 Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
 Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood :
 But kings too tame are despicably good :
 Be this the mixture of this regal child,
 By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
 Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
 Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
 Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
 Was it for me the dark abyfs to tread,
 And read the book which angels cannot read ?
 How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
 The face of heav'n and our young sun o'ercaft !
 Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
 Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told :
 At three insulting strides she stalk'd the Town,
 And, like Contagion, struck the loyal down,
 Down fell the winnow'd wheat ; but mounted high,
 The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
 Here black Rebellion shooting from below,
 (As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
 And here the sons of God are petrify'd with woe :
 An apoplex of grief ! so low were driv'n
 The saints, as hardly to defend their heav'n.

As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
 Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
 Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook;
 Till the third settles what the former shook;
 Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
 Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on Fate,
 By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
 To pray'rs was granted, and by pray'rs restor'd.

So, ere the Shunamite * a son conceiv'd,
 The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd,
 A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
 But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
 The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
 Ran, pray'd, and sent his past'ral staff before;
 Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd,
 Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.

Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
 Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
 Beats to the ground the yet unbarbed grain,
 Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
 On the flat field, and on the naked void:
 The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
 Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
 And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
 The timely product of the bounteous year.

* In the second book of Kings, chap. iv.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
 For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;
 Sometimes will check us in our full career
 With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
 That, still depending on his daily grace,
 His ev'ry mercy for an alms may pass;
 With sparing hands will diet us to good;
 Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
 So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
 With little morsels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
 But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
 Our manners, as religion, were a dream;
 Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
 In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
 And injuries with injuries repel;
 Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
 Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
 Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
 And vainly thought the present ark their guard;
 But when the haughty Philistines appear,
 They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
 Their God was absent, tho' his ark was there.
 Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
 And make our joys the blessings of a day!
 For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
 God to his promise, not our practice, gives,

Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
 But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail.
 Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands *,
 While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.

By living well let us secure his days,
 Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
 No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
 But charity and great examples gain.
 Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;
 'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.

But you, propitious Queen! translated here,
 From your mild heav'n, to rule our rugged sphere }
 Beyond the sunny walks and circling year;
 You, who your native climate have bereft
 Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
 Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
 Tho' beautiful is well in pious lost;
 So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,
 And melts into the brightness of the day;
 Or gold about the regal diadem,
 Lost to improve the lustre of the gem;
 What can we add to your triumphant day?
 Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay:
 For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
 And lengthen as his latest shadows run, } [done.
 That, tho' the longest day, wou'd soon, too soon be

* Exod. xvii. 8.

Let angels' voices with their harps conspire, ~~leaves of~~
 But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir; ~~at rest~~
 Late let him sing above, and let us know ~~his name~~
 No sweeter music than his cries below ~~and his name~~

Nor can I wish to you, great Monarch! more ~~more~~
 Than such an annual income to your store; ~~and more~~
 The day which gave this Unit did not shine ~~any day~~
 For a less omen than to fill the Throne ~~and more~~
 After a Prince an Admiral beget; ~~and more~~
 The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet. ~~and more~~
 Our isle has younger titles still in store, ~~and more~~
 And when th' exhausted land can yield no more, }
 Your line can force them from a foreign shore. } ~~and more~~

The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
 But Justice is your darling attribute: ~~and more~~
 Of all the Greeks 'twas but one hero's * due,
 And in him Plutarch prophesy'd of you:
 A prince's favours but on few can fall,
 But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of Conqu'rors have assum'd,
 Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;
 But boundless pow'r and arbitrary lust
 Made tyrants still abhor the name of Just;
 They shunn'd the praise this god-like virtue gives,
 And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.

The pow'r from which all kings derive their state,
 Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,

* Aristides. See his life in Plutarch,

Is equal both to punish and reward;
 For few wou'd love their God unless they fear'd.
 Resistless force and immortality
 Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
 Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
 And deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy;
 And yet Heav'n's attributes, both last and first,
 One without life, and one with life accurst:
 But Justice is Heav'n's self, so strictly he,
 That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
 This virtue is your own; but life and state
 Are one to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
 Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
 Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
 Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

RELIGIO LAICI,
OR, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed, from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that, perhaps, laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things. But, in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark; but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England: so that the weapons with which

I combat irreligion are already consecrated; though, I suppose, they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors; which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my *own* charity has caused me to commit, that of *others* may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it: but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother-church, accounting them no farther mine than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of shewing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State, and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance. 'Tis true, he had too good a taste to like it all; and, amongst some other faults, recommended to my second view what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself

that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought that Heathens, who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief that, before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japheth, (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me why so many generations, of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession; or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven; and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity: that afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japheth swarmed into co-

lonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendents lost, by little and little, the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity, to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind; the light of Nature, as the next in dignity, was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the Heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my Poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah; and that our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls; when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent, or intellectual Being, which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination: so that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason, but He has been pleased to descend to us; and what So-

crates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as, of our own, should be able to find out, by them, that Supreme Nature which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is Infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen: for every man is building a several way, impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials. Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the

word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius; the preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion, which is, that Heathens may possibly be saved. In the first place, I desire it may be considered that it is the Preface only, not the Creed itself, which (till I am better informed) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man, who is read in church-history, knows that Belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour; and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the Christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. 'Tis manifest from hence that the Heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This well considered takes off the heavy weight of censure which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, "Whosoever will be saved," be restrained only to those to whom

it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians, then the *anathema* reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the church, where, on the days appointed, it is publicly read: for, I suppose, there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene, and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared: for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition: and, for my own part, the plain Apostles' Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding; as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that

purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens; because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists, indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could, and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility; and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private spirit, and have distorted those texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the Civil government. To begin with the Papists; and, to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous (at least in appearance) to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible, but also their peers and commons are excluded from Parliament, and, consequently, those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe: for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account here-

tics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for ought I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government, and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics; how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simanca, and at least twenty others of foreign countries, we can produce of our own nation Campian; and Doleman, or Parsons; besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp; but if he once comes to be excommunicated; then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him,

like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me (as a learned priest has lately written) that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*; and that, consequently, they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please, but more safely the most received and most authorized: and their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his Apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi domini*; and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord; which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that King John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And (which makes the more for Bellarmine) the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage. *his aliquid non esse*

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I

will grant their behaviour, in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean, when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone while the nation continues drunk. But that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it; for that (as another of them tells us) is only the effect of Christian prudence: but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king; and, consequently, to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church, namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance; to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing (a thesis of the Jesuits) maintained amongst others, *ex cathedra*, (as they call it) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of

their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned, by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years; let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII. inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward VI. (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and

imperious discipline of Calvin to graft upon our Reformation; which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded. From the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the Parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-Prelate (the Marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause: which was done, says my author, upon this account, that (their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass

by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might, at least, hedge in a stake amongst the rabble; for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate. Even the most saint-like of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile, and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief, the Presbytery, and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but, to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it; for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night as that of their saint and patroness, yet

then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and, in all probability, they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech: "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence," (meaning the Presbyterian discipline), "should cause posterity to feel those evils which, as yet, are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold we know too well by sad experience. The seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and, because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion when he speaks truth; and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how, indeed, should it happen otherwise? Re-

formation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the Sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons, and out of the same magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of Non-conformists and Republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe, and, after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose. If they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth. They may think themselves to be too roughly

handled in this Paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared; though, at the same time, I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles, and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true Protestants when they conform to the church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of *The Critical History of the Old Testament*, composed by the learned Father Simon: the verses, therefore, are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this Poem, I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem, designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver,

and those three qualities which I have named are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative, way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by shewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less: but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

Their principles, and reasons, and arguments, which I shall be glad to think every true Englishman when they obey the king, and the laws, when they conform to the spirit of the constitution, it remains that I suppose the reader that these verses were written for a young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of the English History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned Father Simon: the verses, therefore, are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is what it ought to be, critical.

If any can be so mistaken as to require the smoothness, the sweetness, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem, I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have flattered him, and hope the style of his verses is not so injured here. The execution of a poem, designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic, for the poet is obliged to be a kind of lawyer.

RELIGIO LAICI.

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta docere:

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring, travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason's glimmering rays
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way;
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be;
But what, or who, that Universal He,
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, the noble work of Chance;
Or this great All was from eternity,
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.

As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
 This every little accident destroy'd;
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would sleep,
 But found their line too short, the well too deep,
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep,
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul;
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
 Cries, *Εὐρηκα*; the mighty secret's found;
 God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heav'n;
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
 The means his justice should for all provide.

This general worship is to praise and pray;
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay;
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet since th' effects of Providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind,
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 (A brand that sovereign Justice cannot bear)
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate,
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
 Thus man, by his own strength, to heav'n would
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
 Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from heav'n, and of a nobler kind,
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source;
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse:
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found,
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?

Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
 Those giant wits, in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rôme adorn,
 Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
 Of nat'ral worship, built on pray'r and praise,
 To one sole God:
 Nor did remorse, to expiate sin, prescribe,
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,
 And cruelty and blood was penitence:
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
 And great oppressors might Heav'n's wrath beguile,
 By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
 And must the terms of peace be giv'n by thee?
 Then thou art justice in the last appeal;
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
 And, like a king remote, and weak, must take
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,

Of casting thee from power, or higher climb!

And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store;
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
 See God descending in thy human frame;
 Th' offended suffering in the offender's name;
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
 Of man is made against Omnipotence,
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd;
 See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice
 Not paid, or, paid, inadequate in price:
 What farther means can reason now direct?
 Or what relief from human wit expect?
 That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick; till Heav'n reveal the cure:
 If then Heav'n's will must needs be understood,
 (Which must, if we want cure, and Heav'n be good)
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shown,
 With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one sacred Book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore,
 With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answer'ing the great ends of human kind.

But this one rule of life; that shews us best
 How God may be pleas'd, and mortals blest.
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
 The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
 Heav'n's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age,
 First in the soul, and after in the page.
 Or whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the writers, or the written Book,
 Whence but from Heav'n could men unskill'd in arts,
 In several ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie,
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the Book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent Heathens prove the story true:
 The doctrine, miracles, which must convince,
 For Heav'n in them appeals to human sense;
 And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
 When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style; majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line:
 Commanding words, whose force is still the same
 As the first Fiat that produc'd our frame.
 All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
 Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
 This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
 Unfed by Nature's soil in which it grows,

Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin, and
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors' tires,
And with a stubborn patience still aspires
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd

But stay; the Deist here will urge anew,
No supernat'ral worship can be true;
Because a gen'ral law is that alone
Which must to all and every where be known;
A style so large as not this Book can claim,
Nor ought that bears Reveal'd Religion's name:
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known;
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till sin spread once again the shades of night;
What's that to these who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:

But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, e'en for those bewilder'd souls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name:
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great Apostle has express'd;
That, "if the Gentiles (whom no law inspir'd)
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They who the written rule had never known
Were to themselves both rule and law alone;
To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead,
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.
Nor doth it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian Bishop of another mind:
For though his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains

All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
 Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd,
 Then let us either think he meant to say
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
 Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
 The good old man, too eager in dispute,
 Flew high, and, as his Christian fury rose,
 Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path hath try'd,
 (A much unskillful, but well-meaning guide)
 Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were bred
 By reading that which better thou hast read,
 Thy matchless author's work; which thou, my friend,
 By well translating better dost commend;
 Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
 In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost;
 Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
 And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd:
 Witness this weighty book, in which appears
 The crabbed toll of many thoughtful years,
 Spent by thy author in the sifting care
 Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
 From gold divine; which he who well can sort,
 May afterwards make Algebra a sport.
 A treasure which if country curates buy,
 They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
 Save pains in various readings and translations,
 And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.

A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd;
As much as man could compass uninspir'd:
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copiers' and translators' trade;
How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new.
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of Heav'n's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplext,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions, stoppt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brush-wood helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?

Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are intail'd;
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.

Oh but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide
For, since th' orig'nal Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments, cast in the Creed;
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truths secure,
Then her infallibility as well,
Where copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains;
Which yet no council dare pretend to do,
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd!
More safe, and much more modest 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way,
And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,

Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
 In all things which our needful faith require.
 If others in the same glass better see,
 'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
 For my salvation must its doom receive,
 Not from what others but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside?
 This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
 Are there not many points, some needful, sure,
 To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure,
 Which every sect will wrest a several way,
 For what one sect interprets all sects may:
 We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
 From the same Scripture urges he's but Man.
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and, in a nation free,
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?
 I think (according to my little skill)
 To my own Mother-church submitting still,
 That many have been sav'd, and many may,
 Who never heard this question brought in play,
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,<
 Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss:
 For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.

The few, by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page, and see
 Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine,
 And plainliest points to heav'n's reveal'd design :
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
 When gen'ral, old, disint'rested and clear :
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the rev'rend majesty of age ;
 Confirms its force by bidding ev'ry test ;
 For best authorities next rules are best ;
 And still the nearer to the spring we go,
 More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone,
 Could we be certain such they were, so known ;
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke :
 Such diff'rence is there in an oft-told tale ;
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail,
 Tradition, written therefore more commends
 Authority than what from voice descends :
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history.

Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and, after, for itself believ'd

The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense,
But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the church: yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?

The Book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter sound,
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain;
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the layman low,
And none but priests were authoris'd to know;
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell,
And he a god who could but read or spell;
Then Mother-church did mightily prevail,
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail;
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her pow'r to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;

As needy men take money, good or bad;
 God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
 Yet, what'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
 That by long use they grew infallible.
 At last, a knowing age began to inquire
 If they the Book; or that did them inspire;
 And, making narrower search, they found, tho' late,
 That what they thought the priest's was their estate;
 Taught by the will produc'd (the written word)
 How long they had been cheated on record.
 Then every man, who saw the title fair,
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share;
 Consulted soberly his private good,
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flattery hence)
 This good had full as bad a consequence.
 The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey,
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd,
 And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd.
 The Spirit gave the doctoral degree,
 And every member of a company
 Was of his trade, and of the Bible, free.

Plain truths enough for needful use they found,
 But men would still be itching to expound :
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace :
 Study and pains were now no more their care,
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r ;
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought,
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm,
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die ;
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply :
 So all we make of Heav'n's discover'd will
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger's much the same, on several shelves
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains but, waving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem.
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
 Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know ;
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
 The things we must believe are few and plain :
 But since men will believe more than they need,
 And every man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected Ancients say ;

For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of heav'n than all the church before :
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
 If, after all, they stand suspected still,
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will)
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard, may be let alone ;
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb :
 For points obscure are of small use to learn,
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.
 Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear ;
 And this unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF K. CHARLES II.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possant,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aëre. Virg.

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room.
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our British heav'n was all serene;
No threat'ning cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in Nature's golden scene.
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dream'd of more;
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard:
It took us unprepar'd, and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.

Th' amazing news of Charles at once were spread;
 At once the general voice declar'd
 "Our gracious Prince was dead."
 No sickness known before, no slow disease,
 To soften grief by just degrees;
 But, like an hurricane on Indian seas,
 The tempest rose;
 An unexpected burst of woes;
 With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
 This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
 As if great Atlas from his height
 Should sink beneath his heav'nly weight,
 And, with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall,
 As once it shall,
 Shou'd gape immense, and, rushing down, o'erwhelm
 this nether ball;
 So swift and so surprising was our fear:
 Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

His pious brother, sure the best
 Who ever bore that name,
 Was newly risen from his rest,
 And with a fervent flame
 His usual morning vows had just address'd
 For his dear Sov'reign's health;
 And hop'd to have 'em heard,
 In long increase of years,
 In honour, fame, and wealth.

Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
 Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made
 On his own head should be repaid;
 Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
 (Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)
 Who can describe th' amazement of his face!
 Horror in all his pomp was there,
 Mute and magnificent without a tear;
 And then the hero first was seen to fear.
 Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
 So hasty and so artless was his grief:
 Approaching Greatness met him with her charms
 Of pow'r and future state;
 But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
 He shook her from his arms.
 Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
 A wild distraction, void of awe,
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law;
 God's image, God's anointed, lay
 Without motion, pulse, or breath,
 A senseless lump of sacred clay,
 An image, now, of death.
 Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries;
 The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,
 Distorted from their native grace;
 An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
 The pious Duke———forbear, audacious Muse,
 No terms thy feeble art can use

Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show;
 His like a sov'reign did transcend;
 No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
 Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
 Still varying to the last!
 Heav'n, though its hard decree was past,
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn agen;
 And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.
 Heav'n half repented of the doom,
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen
 What, by foresight, it will'd eternally to come.
 Mercy above did hourly plead
 For her resemblance here below,
 And mild Forgiveness intercede
 To stop the coming blow.
 New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
 Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.
 On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
 Himself defending what he could
 From all the glories of his future fate.
 With him th' innumerable crowd
 Of armed prayers

Knock'd at the gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;
 The first well-meaning rude petitioners
 All for his life assail'd the throne,
 All would have brib'd the Skies by offering up their
 So great a throng not Heav'n itself cou'd bar; [own.
 'Twas almost borne by force, as in the Giants' war.
 The pray'rs, at least, for his reprieve were heard;
 His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
 Against the sun the shadow went;
 Five days those five degrees were lent
 To form our patience, and prepare th' event.
 The second causes took the swift command,
 The medicinal head, the ready hand,
 All eager to perform their part;
 All but eternal Doom was conquer'd by their art:
 Once more the fleeting soul came back
 T' inspire the mortal frame,
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,
 Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the

IV.

[brand.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
 Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
 The drooping Town in smiles again was dress'd;
 Gladness in every face express'd,
 Their eyes before their tongues confess.
 Men met each other with erected look,
 The steps were higher that they took;

Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
 And long invet'rate foes saluted as they past.
 Above the rest heroic James appear'd,
 Exalted more because he more had fear'd;
 His manly heart, whose noble pride
 Was still above
 Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
 Its more than common transport could not hide;
 But, like an eagle, rode in triumph o'er the tide.
 Thus, in alternate course,
 The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
 Did in extremes appear,
 And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
 Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
 Returns, and wins upon the shore;
 The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
 Rest on their fins a while, and stay,
 Then backward take their wond'ring way:
 The prophet wonders more than they
 At prodigies but rarely seen before,
 And cries, A king must fall, or kingdoms change their
 Such were our counter-tides at land, and so [sway.
 Prefaging of the fatal blow
 In their prodigious ebb and flow.
 The royal soul, that, like the lab'ring moon,
 By charms of art was hurried down,
 Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
 Came but a while on liking here;

Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life.
An evening light,
Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief;
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The sons of Art all med'cines try'd,
And ev'ry noble remedy apply'd:
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill; nay more, they pray'd:
Never was losing game with better conduct play'd:
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil:
But, like a fortress on a rock,
Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts did mock.
They min'd it near; they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the med'cinal war:
No gentle means could be essay'd;
'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid:
Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent.
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before:

More, infinitely more, than he
 Against the worst of rebels could decree,
 A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
 Now Art was tir'd without success;
 No racks could make the stubborn malady confess
 The vain insurers of life,
 And they who most perform'd, and promis'd less,
 Ev'n Short and Hobbes, forsook th' unequal strife.
 Death and despair was in their looks;
 No longer they consult their memories or books;
 Like helpless friends, who view from shore
 The lab'ring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
 So stood they with their arms across,
 Not to assist, but to deplore
 Th' inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd, that frightful sound,
 Which e'en the best can hardly bear:
 He took the summons void of fear,
 And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around,
 As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
 What Death could do he lately try'd,
 When in four days he more than dy'd.
 The same assurance all his words did grace;
 The same majestic mildness held its place,
 Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face:
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again
As he had number'd in his happy reign;
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath,
Nor shrunk, nor stepp'd aside for Death;
But, with unalter'd pace, kept on,
Providing for events to come
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state,
And grew familiar with his fate:
Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast.
Oh truly good and truly great,
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
All that on earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heav'n
The right had giv'n,
And his own love bequeath'd supreme command:
He took and press'd that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his pow'r maintain;
That hand, on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for so great a trust, he chose
A prince who never disobey'd,

Not when the most severe commands were laid ;
 Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd ;
 A prince on whom, if Heav'n its eyes could close,
 The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
 Yet less serenely died than he :
 Charles left behind no harsh decree,
 For schoolmen with laborious art
 To save from cruelty :
 Those for whom love could no excuses frame,
 He graciously forgot to name.
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
 Some faint resemblance of his god-like mind ;
 But neither pen nor pencil can express
 The parting brother's tenderness :
 Though that's a term too mean and low ;
 (The bless'd above a kinder word may know ;)
 But what they did and what they said,
 The Monarch who triumphant went,
 The militant who staid,
 Like painters, when their height'ning arts are spent,
 I cast into a shade ;
 That all-forgiving King,
 The type of Him above,
 That inexhausted spring
 Of clemency and love,

Himself to his next self accus'd,
 And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,
 For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
 Of godless men, and of rebellious times;
 For an hard exile, kindly meant,
 When his ungrateful country sent
 Their best Camillus into banishment;
 And forc'd their sov'reign's act, they could not his con-
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief [sent.
 Repeated all his suff'rings past,
 Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
 Which giv'n, could give the dying no relief!
 He beat, he sunk beneath his grief!
 His dauntless heart would fain have held
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd:
 Perhaps the god-like hero in his breast
 Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show
 So weak, so womanish a woe,
 Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously

IX.

[confess'd.

Amidst that silent show'r the royal mind
 An easy passage found,
 And left its sacred earth behind;
 Nor murmur'ing groan express'd, nor lab'ring sound,
 Nor any least tumultuous breath;
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death;
 Soft as those gentle whispers were
 In which th' Almighty did appear;
 By the still voice the prophet knew him there,

That peace which made thy prosp'rous reign to shine,
 That peace thou leav'st to thy imperial line,
 That peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine!

X.

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
 For all the miracles it wrought,
 For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
 Into the nation's bleeding wound,
 And care that after kept it sound;
 For num'rous blessings yearly show'r'd,
 And property with plenty crown'd;
 For freedom still maintain'd alive,
 Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
 Freedom, an English subject's sole prerogative,
 Without whose charms e'en peace would be
 But a dull quiet slavery;
 For these, and more, accept our pious praise;
 'Tis all the subsidy
 The present age can raise;
 The rest is charg'd on late posterity:
 Posterity is charg'd the more,
 Because the large abounding store,
 To them, and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee.
 Succession, of a long descent,
 Which chaste in the channels ran,
 And from our demi-gods began,
 Equal almost to time in its extent;
 Through hazards numberless and great

Then hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
 And fix'd the fairest gem that decks th' imperial crown.
 Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
 Not senates insolently loud,
 (Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd)
 Not foreign or domestic treachery,
 Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
 So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
 Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look;
 Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will,
 But kept the native toughness of the steel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name;
 But draw him strictly so,
 That all who view the piece may know
 He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
 The load's too weighty; thou may'st chuse
 Some parts of praise, and some refuse:
 Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than
 In scanty truth thou hast confin'd [the muse.
 The virtues of a royal mind,
 Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind:
 His conversation, wit, and parts,
 His knowledge in the noblest, useful, arts,
 Were such dead authors could not give;
 But habitudes of those who live,
 Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
 He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
 His apprehension quick, his judgment true;

That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If Science rais'd her head,
And soft Humanity, that from Rebellion fled?
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before,
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the Solar Walk and heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore:
The royal husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
And blest th' obedient field;
When, straight, a double harvest rose,
Such as the swarthy Indian mows,
Or happier climates near the line,
Or Paradise, manur'd and dress'd by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey,
Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain;
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return.

Th' officious Muses came along,
A gay, harmonious quire, like angels, ever young:
The Muse that mourns him now his happy triumph
Even they could thrive in his auspicious reign, [sung.
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnowed grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise, that liv'd on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great Encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invok'd below,
Live, and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst, by wise delays, divert our fate,
When Faction, like a tempest, rose
In Death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
To weather out the storm:
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou heldst the rudder with a steady hand
Till safely on the shore the bark did land:
The bark that all our blessings brought,
Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal freight.

XIV.

Oh frail estate of human things,
And slippery hopes below!
Now to our cost your emptiness we know;
(For 'tis a lesson dearly bought)
Assurance here is never to be sought.
The best and best belov'd of kings,
And best deserving to be so,
When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes destroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What mists of Providence are these
Through which we cannot see!
So saints, by supernat'ral pow'r set free,
Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, Heav'n, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
That question'd thy supreme decree!
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints' and angels' wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality;
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return:
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
Even to the dribble of a day,

Yet still we murmur, and complain
 The quails and manna should no longer rain :
 Those miracles 'twas needless to renew ;
 The chosen flock has now the Promis'd land in view,

(105) XV. *quod non est a seculo*

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
 A prince long exercis'd by Fate :
 Long may he keep, though he obtains it late !
 Heroes in Heav'n's peculiar mold are cast ;
 They, and their poets, are not form'd in haste :
 Man was the first in God's design, and man was made
 False heroes, made by flatt'ry so, [the last,
 Heav'n can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow ;
 But, ere a prince is to perfection brought,
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
 With toil and sweat,
 With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
 Before th' impenetrable shield was wrought.
 It looks as if the Maker would not own
 The noble work for his
 Before 'twas try'd and found a masterpiece.

(110) XVI. *quod non est a seculo*

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
 Alcides thus his race began,
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran ;
 The future god, at first, was more than man :

Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled first with Fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest;
So early was the deity confest:
Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,
And to his infant arms oppos'd
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose;
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field:
So James the drowsy Genius wakes
Of Britain, long entranc'd in charms,
Restless, and slumb'ring on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve the spear al-
No neighing of the warrior steeds, [ready shakes.
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs

To inspire the coward; warm the cold;
 His voice, his sole appearance, makes them bold.
 Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
 Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
 They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
 Long may they fear this awful prince,
 And not provoke his ling'ring sword,
 Peace is their only sure defence,
 Their best security his word.
 In all the changes of his doubtful state,
 His truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate;
 For him to promise is to make it fate.
 His valour can triumph o'er land and main;
 With broken oaths his fame he will not stain;
 With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy adamantin Book;
 And let his wond'ring senate see,
 If not thy firm immutable decree,
 At least the second page of strong contingency,
 Such as consists with wills originally free:
 Let them with glad amazement look
 On what their happiness may be;
 Let them not still be obstinately blind,
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
 Or with malignant penny
 To starve the royal virtues of his mind.

Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
 Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest!
 They do; and, with a distant view, I see
 Th' amended vows of English loyalty:
 And all beyond that object there appears
 The long retinue of a prosp'rous reign,
 A series of successful years,
 In orderly array, a martial, manly train;
 Behold even the remoter shores
 A conquering navy proudly spread;
 The British canon formidably roars,
 While, starting from his oozy bed,
 Th' asserted Ocean rears his rev'rend head,
 To view and recognize his ancient Lord again,
 And, with a willing hand, restores
 The fasces of the main.

R iij

HEROIC STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since Heav'n, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praise no arts can lib'ral be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?

For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect arc?

VI.
His grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone;
For he was great ere Fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.
No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.
Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her fav'rites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.
He private mark'd the fault of others' way,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

X.
And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing not to him, but Heav'n's;
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
 First fought t' inflame the parties, then to poise;
 The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,
 And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

XII.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
 We inward bled whilst they prolong'd our pain;
 He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
 To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
 Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
 And made to battles such heroic haste,
 As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame:
 Still by new maps the island might be shown
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,
 Thick as the Galaxy with stars is sown.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
 Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade;
 Heav'n in his portrait shew'd a workman's hand,
 And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
 Which War had banish'd, and did now restore;

Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treach'rous Scotland, to no int'rest true,
Yet bless'd that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true his count'nance did imprint an awe,
And nar'rally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sov'reign gold doth grow.

When past all off'rings to Peretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield,
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

XXII. Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe blown,

Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

XXIII. No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,

Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast,
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV. When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right;

For though some meaner artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet still the fair designment was his own.

XXV. For from all tempers he could service draw;

The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And, as the confidant of Nature, saw
How she complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI. Or he their single virtues did survey,

By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

XXVII. When such heroic virtue Heav'n sets out,

The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;

Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestiō'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard,
And, trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show;
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less;
 But when fresh laurels courted him to live;
 He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
 As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,
 As near the centre motion doth increase;
 Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
 Did, like the Vestal, under spoils decrease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a tribute sent
 That giant prince of all her wat'ry herd;
 And th' isle, when her protecting genius went,
 Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
 But faction now by habit does obey;
 And wars have that respect for his repose,
 As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
 His name a great example stands, to show
 How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
 Where piety and valour jointly go.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DC.LXII.

As needy gallants, in the scriv'ner's hands,
Court the rich knave that gripe their mortgag'd lands,
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to Civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would spare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
'They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Int'rest's the god they worship in their State,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.

Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were they still would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion;
And their new Commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lumber State mankind bestride.
Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour,
As Cato fruits of Afric did display,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay;
All loyal English will like him conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.